Sunday

Nov 4

52 T. S.

Just come back from Rodmell.
Yes, I shall try just look in about
to dinner on Thursday. Pleas
when done somewhere –
or something, a nothing:
May I write late about the
afternoon? I can't be sure
if I can be here till late;
but I'll try.

I thought your voice, saying
Virginia Woolf, was a trumpet
call, moving me to tears;
but I daresay you were
suffering laughter. It's an

odd feeling. Hearing merely praised to
50 million old ladies in Surbiton by
one with whom one has watched the
dawn & heard the nightingale. I am
at the moment groping to express three
different ~~Consuetor~~ levels of emotion –
viz, I'm too stunned after motoring even to
get one word right. I shit it
surprising – your praise NYPL aroma sells
100 gyng book – not a copy of Svevo.
Also, until the autumn, nothing the
B.B.C. could say made an ounce of
difference. Do you wish how me
at your Hilts forever. Is your
Cold better? Are you loved yme?

Virginia

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62

Tuesday Nov 6

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1
Telephone: Museum 2621

Dearest Creature,

Look here: attend:
I've got to see my mother-in-law
Thursday, but shall be
back by 6.30. Will
you come then, & then we'll
dine somewhere under
red lights with foaming
flames, unless you'd
prefer dinner with hers:
she wants us anyhow to go
in afterwards. Some crones
are coming. But just as you like.

6.30 anyhow here.

Love from Polly - V.

Nov. 9 - 29

Friday.

I forgot to say that Faith Henderson,
wife of the scholar of the Station
rang up to ask if I thought
she might ring you up to
ask some question about a
School. I said I thought
you wouldn't mind —
If you do, don't do
Curse her both.

V.

Wednesday Nov. 14 - 1929
Last page writ
B

Dearest Creature,

I am really awfully bothered about you, though George was reassuring on the telephone that evening. Thank Goodness, you've got into a room with a fire — I don't mind if it's a room with a double bed & someone else in it, as long as you are warm. Mercy! to think of you with a cold, a temperature of 102 in your primeval parts. But may I observe that even if it is pneumonia

& visit influenza, & visit rheumatic
fever, appendicitis & jaundice,
which are absolutely necessary
to spend the next week in
a room with a fire; without
roystering along passages, or into
gardens. The telephone can
wait. All I ask is as many
hours hot veracious cords as
possible. Starting temperature:
whether in bed: when getting up.
Now remember how lavish
I was of every detail, & every
shiver & shake, for
3 weeks last winter;
& don't deny that you
were on the whole thoroughly
bored, glad of it. Any

make [illegible] with please me; & then I
needn't bother George, whose
telephone style though warm is
unexpressive. "Mr. Keeleman love.
She says no need for worry with he
love as is sitting over fire."
(I hope you were lying in bed.)
I was late rising up, because
Julian was here. He declared
poetry. And I said who is
your opinion are the best
living poets? He replied
anyone Vita & Blunden.
Well that what I call a
genuine lover — what I'd
give my eyes for — the
enthusiasm & generosity
of youth: & Julian is
a most talking boy, & said

to be the best of his time at Kings
And that what he says with
a beautiful modest but
glowing voice (having some
sentiment about you personally
of Rita - also he much
admires Kings Daughter: I said
when I took him Harold
Nicolson - what does Harold
know about poetry?

NYPL

Yesterday I was in mischief — in
the arms of Osbert, & very fat
they are too; on the carpet of
Mrs Courtauld, & that is as
thick & resilient as Osberts
arms - Lord! what a party?
I flirted & I flirted — with
Osbert, with Mary, with
Ottoline: but this last was a

long & cadaverous embrace which almost drew me under. Figure us, entwined beneath Cezannes which she had the audacity to praise at the time we were indulging in those labyrinthine antics which is called being intimate with Moline: I laugh: I lie: I flatter: I accept flattery: I stretch & flick, & all the time she is watchful & vengeful & mendacious & unhappy & ready to break every rule in my body if it were worth while. In fact, she's a nice woman, eaten away amorously & vanity: an old volcano, all grey cinders &

nearly a green plant, let alone a
thank bit. And this is human
intercourse, this is human friendship
so I kept saying to myself what I
flattered & fawned - But I
wonder have gone at all had
I known you were ill. Its
pamper how entwined I am
with your aches & pains: & as
I am honestly & truly inhabited
of standing stream - really I
can't do for God's sake be
careful; don't catch cold; do
completely cure this one;
don't give me another panic:
I assure you I shall be ill
if you do - And you wouldn't
like me to be ill.

NYPL

I like, oh I hope, you are
now comfortable & quiet &
warm & loving your Polly &

V.

Friday Nov 16
1928

Dearest,
I'm so glad you're better - very glad
I had an old spasm with
Dolly, about it - but I'm
so sorry to tell you
yes I'm doing work today
a Monday, but don't
think it worth coming for
that, as I'd only
tantalise, a Monday is
an awful rush
Later in the week it will be
better; & there's not much
Love

any hour in reply up in the
meantime. Love love Mike!

And I must rush out to
dinner

Three 'rushes' in 6 lines —
so rushed am I —
people arriving — many
busy — NYPL reading the most of
my ~~business~~ that d-d lecture ah.
I've got to ~~clean~~ finish tomorrow
(Mauroux)

I rather doubt
that we shall do
to Redmesh — too
Grave V.

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62